AN

ESSAY

TOWARDS

The rendring the first Thirty

Psalms of *David*

IN

METRE

[Of the Old

Version of *Thomas Sternhold*, *John Hopkins* and Others.]

LESS

Obnoxious to Exceptions, than it hath been; by Moderate Alterations, and Amendments.

And Published, as a *Specimen* of the *Whole Book*, done after the same manner, now in the Hands of the *Author*, a *Divine* of the *Church* of *England*.

LONDON, Printed for the Company of *Stationers*, MDCXCVIII.

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AN
Advertiſement
TO THE
READER.

IN this Printed Eſſay, (as well as the reſt of the Book, remaining Unprinted) the Author thinks fit hereby to inform the Reader, that he hath Governed himſelf by the meaſures following.

1. *That in the whole, the old Rhythm, where tolerable, is generally kept: and where not tolerable, altered.*

2. *That obſolete Words are changed for ſuch as now are uſed.*

3. *That in other places, where the Language is good, the Words are ſometimes only tranſpoſed, either to render the Senſe plainer, or the Verſe ſmoother.*

4. *In* Pſalms *commonly uſed, eſpecially in the common Tunes, there is very little alteration made.*

5. *Where the Senſe of the Old Metre varies from that of the New Tranſlation of the Bible, it is reduced to it, and frequently, in ſuch Caſes, the*

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Words of that Tranſlation, are admitted, if th
Metre will bear it.

6. *In ſome* Pſalms *of ordinary uſe, there is a ſe*
cond Metre added, by only adding a word, or tw
in a line.

7. *And in ſome* Pſalms, *by that Addition, t*
the Old Metre of Eights and Sixes, the whole for va
rieties ſake is adapted to a new Tune.

8. *There are very few* Pſalms, *(ſcarcely a thir*
part) which, for all theſe alterations, continue m
as they were in the Old Metre ; only ſome few Wor
changed ; according to the firſt and ſecond Particular
before mentioned.

The Reaſons inducing the Author to this Adven
ture, and ſome farther Particulars relating to thi
Corrected Verſion, are not here added : though th
are ready ; becauſe that would have made the Bul
of this Eſſay too large : and therefore he reſerve
them to accompany the entire Copy, if it be call
for.

THE Pſalms of *David* IN METRE.

Beatus vir. Pſalm i. *T. S.*

1. THE Man is bleſt, by ill advice
To walk, who doth forbear:
Nor ſtands with Sinners in their way;
Nor ſits in ſcorners chair.

2. But on the Lord's moſt holy law
Doth fix his chief delight:
And it to ſtudy doth employ
His thoughts both day and night.

3 He ſhall be like the Tree, that grows
to water-courſes near:
Which brings forth pleaſant fruits, to fit
the ſeaſons of the year:
Whoſe Leaf, through drought, doth never fall;
but flouriſh ſtill, and ſtand:
Ev'n ſo ſhall all things proſper well,
which this man takes in hand.

4 But ſuch ſucceſs, ungodly men
ſhall miſs in what they do:
And prove like chaff, which from the earth
winds ſcatter to and fro.

5 Vain, therefore, are their hopes, to ſtand
before God's bar upright:

No ſinners there, among the juſt,
ſhall dare appear in ſight.
6. For God the righteous, in their way
which now he owns, will crown:
Whereas ungodly men in theirs,
ſhall periſh with his frown.

Pſal. i. *The ſame, to another Tune.*

1 THE man is bleſt, who walketh not
As thoſe adviſe, who wicked are;
Nor in the way of ſinners ſtand:
Nor ſets himſelf in ſcorners Chair:
2 But on the Law of God the Lord,
Doth fix his ſoul's entire delight:
And it to ſtudy, doth employ
His muſing thoughts, both day and night.
3 He ſhall be like the tree, that grows
To conſtant water-courſes near:
Which duly brings forth pleaſant fruit,
At proper ſeaſons of the year.
Whoſe Leaf, through drought, doth never fall
But freſh and green at all times ſtand;
Ev'n ſo ſhall all things proſper well,
Which ſuch a man doth take in hand.
4. But like ſucceſs ungodly men
Shall ne'er obtain in what they do:
But rather prove like chaff; which, winds
From th' earth do ſcatter to and fro.
5. Vain, therefore are their hopes, to ſtand
Before God's judgment-ſeat upright:
Nor ſhall the ſinners with the juſt,
At his aſſize, appear in ſight.
6. For God, the righteous, in their way,
Which now he owneth, then will crown:

Whereas

Whereas th'ungodly ſhall in theirs,
For ever periſh with his frown.

Quare fremuerunt. Pſalm ii. *T. S.*

1 WHY did the *Gentiles* tumults raiſe?
What rage did heat their brain?
Why did the *Jewiſh* people ſpend
their thoughts on things ſo vain?
2 The Kings and Rulers of the earth
conſpire with one intent,
Againſt the Lord, and Chriſt his ſon,
by Him from heaven ſent.
3 "Let's break the ſlaviſh chains, (they ſay)
"which they on us do lay:
"And from us, all the cords, with which
"they curb us, caſt away.
4 But he that in the heavens dwells,
their doings will deride:
And make their feeble pride a ſcorn
throughout his empire wide.
5 Then ſhall the Lord, provok'd to wrath,
no longer ſilent ſtay:
But ſhall in ſore diſpleaſure, thus,
to vex the rebels, ſay;
6 "In ſpite of all your plot, or act,
"to croſs my fixed will;
"Yet have I ſet my king upon
"my *Zion*'s holy hill.

PART ii.

7 I will declare the Lord's decree,
from whence my reign takes date:
Thou art (ſaid he to me) my ſon:
this day I thee begat.
8 "All people will I give to thee,
mine heir, at thy requeſt:

" The utmoſt coaſts of all the earth
" by thee ſhall be poſſeſt.
9. " And, cruſh'd by thee, thy foes like dirt,
" ſhall under foot be trod :
" Diſſolv'd to duſt, like potters ſherds,
" beneath thy iron rod.
10. " Ye Kings, and Rulers, then, be wiſe,
" and in your duty learn'd :
"By whom all cauſes here are judg'd,
" and right from wrong diſcern'd.
11. " Take heed ye ſerve the Lord above,
" poſſeſs'd with awful fear :
And mix your joys with reverence, when
" before him ye appear.
12. " Unto his ſon your homage, with
" all due devotion pay :
" Leſt through his anger, juſtly ſtirr'd,
" ye periſh from the way.
13. " For if the ſmalleſt ſpark of wrath
" once kindles in his breſt ;
" You ſoon will find, that only they
" that truſt in him, are bleſt.

Domine, quid? Pſalm iii. *T. S.*

1. O Lord, how are my foes increas'd,
which vex, and grieve me ſore:
2. Againſt me, whilſt they riſe ; and ſay,
"God cannot him reſtore.
3. But thou, O Lord, doſt ſhield me, when
I greateſt dangers dread:
My glory thou maintain'ſt, and do'ſt
hold up my drooping head.
4. With ſtrained voice, unto the Lord
I did devoutly cry :

And he out of his holy hill,
did hear me graciouſly.
5. I laid me down, and quietly
I ſlept; and roſe again:
And found my ſelf in ſafety; for
The Lord did me ſuſtain,
6. Whence, though ten thouſand hem'd me in,
I would not be afraid:
No numbers ſhould my courage quell,
whilſt God doth give me aid.
7. Up, then, my God, and ſave me, when
ſuch dangers me befal;
Who when great foes againſt me gnaſht
their teeth, didſt cruſh them all.
8. Salvation wholly doth belong
unto the Lord above:
From whom, his people ſtill partake
the bleſt effects of love.

Cum invocarem. Pſalm iv.

1. O God, that art my righteouſneſs,
attend unto my cry:
To whom, enlarg'd from great diſtreſs,
I own my liberty.
Like mercy then, again to me
extend, in like diſtreſs:
For I to thee, my proved friend,
do humbly make addreſs.
2. O ſons of men, how long will ye
my glory thus deſpiſe?
Why wander ye in vanity,
and follow after lies?
3 This know, that God, the godly man
doth, as his treaſure chuſe:

Me,

Me, therefore, when on him I call,
he never will refuſe.

4 Then ſtand in awe, and ſin no more:
ſet ill deſigns apart;
Whiles calmly on your couches laid,
you commune with your heart.

5 Preſent to God the ſacrifice
of righteouſneſs; and ſtay
Your ſouls with faith on him, the rock,
that never can decay.

6 The greater ſort crave worldly goods,
and riches have in chaſe:
But ſhine upon us, Lord, do thou,
with thine unclouded face.

7 For thou, thereby, ſhalt make my heart
more pleas'd by far, and glad;
Than theirs, who of their corn and wine,
the great'ſt increaſe have had.

8 Aſſur'd whereof, lie down will I,
and take a quiet ſleep:
Whiles thou, who never ſlumb'reſt, Lord,
do'ſt me in ſafety keep.

Verba mea auribus. Pſalm v. *T. S.*

1 INcline thine ear, unto my words;
my meditation mind:

2 And let my Pray'r, (my King, and God,)
with thee acceptance find.

3 As thou my voice ſhalt hear betimes,
ſo humbly I expect
Thy early help; whiles I to thee
my early Pray'r direct.

4 I fix on thee my waiting eyes,
well knowing thou art one,

Not pleas'd at all with wickedneſs,
and ill with thee dwells none.
5 And in thy ſight, ungodly fools
ſhall never ſtand, O Lord:
All workers of iniquity
who ever haſt abhorr'd.
6 Thou ſhalt to utter ruin bring
all ſuch, as utter lies:
The bloody and deceitful man,
the ſoul of God defies.
7 But I thy houſe will viſit, Lord,
depending on thy grace:
And reverendly worſhip thee,
before thy holy place.
8 Lord, lead me in thy righteouſneſs;
For watchful are my foes:
And th' holy way I ought to keep
do thou to me diſcloſe.
9 For truth is far from what they ſay;
their hearts foul vices ſtain:
Their throat is like an open grave,
howe'er with tongues they feign.
10 Lord, turn their plots againſt themſelves,
until deſtroy'd they be;
And cruſht beneath their load of guilt,
who rebels are to thee.
11 But make all thoſe that truſt in thee
to ſhout for joy always:
Let all that love thy holy name,
give thee, their ſhield, the praiſe.
12 For thou, thy favour wilt encreaſe
toward the righteous ſtill:
And therewithal, as with a ſhield,
defend him from all ill.

Domine, nè in furore. Pſalm vi. *T. S.*

1 O Lord, in wrath rebuke me not,
when ſin it ſets on fire:
Nor in thy fury chaſten me,
I humbly thee deſire.

2 For I am weak: O, therefore, Lord,
in mercy me forbear;
And heal me; for my very bones
within me cruſhed are.

3 My ſoul is troubled very ſore,
and vexed veh'mently:
But Lord, how long wilt thou delay
to cure my malady?

4 O turn thee to thy wonted grace;
my down-caſt ſoul up take:
And ſave me, not for my deſerts,
but for thy mercies ſake.

5 For none that lie among the dead,
of thee remembrance have:
And who ſhall give thee thanks, O God,
within the ſilent grave?

6 So grievous is my daily moan,
as makes me wondrous faint:
And all night long, my bed doth ſwim
in tears without reſtraint.

7 My ſight is dim, and waxes old,
with anguiſh of my heart:
Becauſe my deadly foes do ſtill
new plots againſt me ſtart.

8 But now, away from me, all ye
that work iniquity:
For now, the Lord hath heard the voice
of my complaint and cry.

9 He heard the earneſt pray'r, whereby
I eas'd my troubl'd heart:
And will me hear again, when I
new griefs to him impart.
10 My foes, which long have vexed me,
put ſtill, O Lord, to ſhame:
And make them, with defeatment vext,
turn back the way they came.

Pſalm vi. *The ſame in another Metre.*

1 O Lord, in wrath rebuke me not,
I proſtrate at thy feet, deſire:
Nor in thy fury chaſten me,
Which I by ſin have ſet on fire.
2 My weakneſs pleads for pity, Lord:
In tender mercy me forbear:
And heal me; for my very bones
Within me, ſorely vexed are.
3 My ſoul is alſo troubled ſore,
And vexed very grievouſly:
But Lord, how long wilt thou delay,
To cure my woeful malady?
4 Lord, turn thee to thy wonted grace,
And my dejected ſoul up take:
O ſave me, not for my deſerts;
But for thy tender mercies ſake.
5 For none that lie forlorn among
The dead, of thee remembrance have:
And who ſhall give thee thanks, within
The lodgings of the ſilent grave?
6 So grievous is my moan by day,
That I therewith am wondrous faint:
And all the night, I ſwim my bed
In tears, which back my ſad complaint.

7 My

7 My ſight is dim, and waxed old,
Continual grief hath ſpent it ſo:
Whiles they that are my deadly foes,
Still plot, my life to overthrow.
8 But now, away from me, all ye
Vile workers of iniquity:
Becauſe the Lord hath heard the voice
Of my complaint, and bitter cry.
9 He heard the earneſt pray'r, wherein
I eas'd the troubles of my heart:
And ſo will do again, when I
My griefs to him again impart.
10 The foes, which long have vexed me,
Confound, thou Lord, and put to ſhame:
Till they, with ſore defeatment vext,
Turn backward, faſter than they came.

Domine, Deus mi. Pſalm vii. *T. S.*

1 O Lord, my God, I caſt my ſelf
with confidence on thee:
From thoſe who cloſely me purſue,
ſave, and deliver me.
2 Leſt, Lion-like, my mighty foe
in pieces ſmall me rend:
Whiles none appears to ſuccour me,
that can my life defend.
3 O Lord my God, if I have done
the thing that is not right:
Or, of the crime they charge on me,
be guilty in thy ſight.
4 If with my friend I brake the band
of peace, by treachery:
(Yea, rather, ſpar'd I his, that ſought
my life injuriouſly;)

5 Then

5. Then let the foe purſue my ſoul,
and ſpill, with anger juſt,
My life upon the earth; and lay
mine honour in the duſt.
6. Ariſe O Lord, with juſter wrath,
mine enemies to reſtrain:
And judg me by thy righteous laws,
who wrong from men ſuſtain.
7. Great numbers, then, ſhall come to thee,
and croud about thy throne:
Aſcend it, Lord, and for their ſakes,
thence make thy Juſtice known.
8. And ſince thou art of all men Judg;
pronounce concerning me,
According to my righteouſneſs,
and mine integrity.

PART ii.

9. Lord, ceaſe the rage of wicked men;
the juſt ſupport, and guide:
For by the righteous God, the hearts
and reins of men are try'd.
10. I own my help to come of God,
who ever taketh part
With all ſuch, to preſerve them ſafe,
as upright are in heart.
11. The juſt man, and the wicked both,
the righteous Judg doth try:
But ev'ry day, his wrath againſt
the wicked, boyleth high.
12. If warned, he will not repent,
God whets his ſword to ſmite:
And bends his bow, the obſtinate
and hard'ned heart to hit.
13. For execution he prepares
his arrows, ſharp, and keen;

To

To pierce them through, that persecute
his Jewels, holy men.
14. My foe with plots doth travel, in
his wicked head forecast:
But of the mischief there conceiv'd,
lo, nothing comes at last.
15. He dig'd a ditch, and delv'd it deep,
in hope to hurt his Brother:
But fell himself, into the pit,
prepared for another.
16. Thus wrong recoiling, hurts the man,
From whom it did proceed:
And all the mischief he contriv'd,
shall crush its plotters head.
17. I therefore will give thanks to God,
that judgeth righteously:
And with my Song extol the name
of him that is most high.

Domine Deus noster. Psal. viii. *T. S.*

1 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent
thy Name is ev'ry where!
For thou thy glorious Throne hast set
above the heavens clear.
2 Ev'n by the mouths of sucking babes,
thou shalt confound thy foes:
For thou thy mighty power, in
their weakness can'st disclose.
3 When I behold the heavens, fram'd
By thine almighty hand;
And view the moon, and all the stars,
in order as they stand:
4 Lord, think I, what is man, of him
that thou dost take such care?

Or what his iſſue, that to them
ſo kind thy viſits are?
5 For thou haſt made him little leſs
then angels in degree:
With glory great, and dignity
his head is crown'd by thee.
6 Thou haſt prefer'd him to be Lord
of all thy works of wonder:
And at his feet laid all below,
that he ſhould keep them under.
7 Tame flocks, and herds, and beaſts that in
wild deſarts live by prey:
With fowls of th' air, and fiſh, that make
in pathleſs ſeas their way.
8 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent
thy works are ev'ry where?
Moſt glorious in them doth thy name
through all the earth appear.

Pſalm viii. *The ſame in a different Metre.*

1 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent
Thy name on earth is ev'ry where!
Yea, thou haſt ſet thy glorious throne
Far higher than the heavens clear.
2 Ev'n by the mouths of ſucking babes
Thou canſt, and wilt confound thy foes:
Who wonted art thy mighty ſtrength
In feebleſt creatures to diſcloſe.
3 When I behold the heavens, which
Are fram'd by thy almighty hand;
And view the moon, and all the ſtars,
Where they by thee diſpoſed, ſtand.
4 Lord, think I, what is man, of him
That thou doſt take ſuch tender care?

Or,

Or, what's his iſſue, that to them
So very kind thy Viſits are?

5 For thou haſt made him little leſs
Then heav'nly angels in degree:
And on his head, a glorious crown
Beſtowed is, O Lord, by thee.

6 Thou haſt prefer'd him to be Lord
On earth, of all thy works of wonder:
And at his feet laid all things there,
With ample pow'r to keep them under.

7 Tame flocks, and herds, and beaſts, which in
Wild deſarts live by daily prey:
With fowls of th' air, and fiſh, which make
themſelves in pathleſs ſeas a way.

8 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent
Thy works proclaim thee ev'ry where!
Through all the earth, they make thy name
Moſt glorious, like thy ſelf, appear.

Confitebor tibi Domine. Pſal. ix. *T. S.*

1 WIth heart entire, and mouth, O Lord
I will proclaim thy praiſe:
And publiſh all thy wondrous works,
thy glorious fame to raiſe.

2 I will exceedingly rejovce
in thee, O God moſt high:
And tune my voice, thy name to praiſe,
in cheerful melody.

3 Becauſe my foes are driven back,
and put to ſhameful flight:
They fell down flat, and were deſtroy'd,
before thy preſence bright.

4 My right maintained was by thee,
by whom my cauſe was try'd:

Who

Who juſtly from thy royal throne,
gav'ſt ſentence on my ſide.
5 Thou didſt rebuke the Heathens ſo,
the wicked ſo confound;
That where they liv'd, their memory
for ever ſhall be drown'd.
6 Proud foe, that haſt with quick diſpatch
ſo many towns deſtroy'd:
And haſt their names with them defac'd;
yet be not overjoy'd:
7 But know, when thou haſt done thy worſt,
the Lord will ever reign:
And from his royal judgment-ſeat,
the righteous cauſe maintain.
8 With juſtice he will judg the world,
which tyrants ſway with might:
And with impartial equity,
give all therein their right.
9 Protector of the poor he is,
when wrongfully oppreſt:
And will to them a refuge be,
when e'r they are diſtreſt.
10 Whence, all that know thy name, on thee,
ſhall boldly, Lord, rely:
For thou forſakeſt none, that ſeek
thee in ſincerity.

PART ii.

11 Sing praiſing ſongs unto the Lord,
that dwells on *Zion* hill:
And publiſhing his glorious deeds,
the ears of all men fill.
12 When e'r he makes a ſearch for blood
of men unjuſtly ſlain;

The

The murd'rers guilt, and ſuff'rers cries,
in mind he will retain.
13 In mercy, Lord, the troubles mind
which I from foes ſuſtain:
(For from the gates of death haſt thou
oft rais'd me up again:)
14 In *Zion* that I may ſet forth
Thy praiſe, with thankful voice:
And that in thy ſalvation, Lord,
my ſoul may ſtill rejoyce.
15 The heathens are ſunk down into
the pit, themſelves prepar'd:
And in the net they ſet for me,
Their own feet faſt are ſnar'd.
16 The judgments which he executes,
make God, their Author, known:
When, tangled in the ſnare he laid,
the wicked is o'rthrown.
17 The wicked ſhall, by God condemn'd,
be turned into hell:
That doleful place, where ev'ry one
that God forgets, ſhall dwell.
18 For ſurely, God will not forget
the poor, when they complain:
Nor ſhall the needy always look
for help of him, in vain.
19 O Lord, ariſe, leſt men prevail,
by means of worldly might:
And let thy heath'niſh foes receive
their judgment in thy ſight.
20 Lord, ſhoot thy terrour, fear, and dread,
into their hearts; and then
They will themſelves miſtaken own,
who went for more than men.

Ut quid, Domine? Pſal. x. *T. S.*

WHat is the cauſe, why thou, O Lord,
Stand'ſt now ſo far from thine?
Not ſuff'ring, in our troubles great,
thy face on us to ſhine?
2 Proud perſecutors hunt the poor,
ev'n as themſelves deſire:
Lord, take them in the plots, which they
to execute, conſpire.
3 For in his projects wiſht ſucceſs
the wicked takes delight:
And doth oppreſſing worldlings bleſs
whom God doth loath, and ſlight.
4 Religion he diſowns, and looks
with ſcornful eyes thereon;
Nor ever thinks of pow'r divine;
yea, rather thinks there's none.
5 His ways ſtill grievous are; nor do
thy judgments him affect,
They're much too high; and on his foes
with ſcorn he doth reflect.
6 "Tuſh, (ſays he in his heart,) I dread
"no threaten'd future change:
"That ſuch ſhould e'er befal me, ſeems
"to me abſurdly ſtrange.
7 His mouth is full of curſings; meant
to hide deceit and guile:
His imprecating tongue conceals
deſigns moſt baſe, and vile.
8 He lurking, lies in coverts cloſe,
to ſlay the innocent:
Againſt the poor, that paſſeth by,
his wrathful eyes are bent.

9 There

9 There, ſlily lays he wait, as doth
the lion in his den ;
From whence in his deceitful net,
he ſeiſeth ſimple men.
10 With treach'rous craft and ſubtilty,
he croucheth by the way :
Till poor men, overmatch'd by ſtrength,
become his eaſie prey.

PART. II.

11 " Truth, God forgetful is (ſaith he)
" I therefore may be bold :
" His countenance is turn'd aſide ;
" he doth it not behold.
12 Ariſe, O Lord, our God ; on whom
the poor man's hope doth reſt :
And lift thy hand, to ſhew thou mind'ſt
men wrongfully oppreſt.
13 Why ſhould the wicked, God contemn ?
Lord, doſt thou not abhor it ?
Whiles, acting at this rate, they ſay
" in heart, thou car'ſt not for it :
14 But thou, that ſeeſt their doings, wilt
all ſpiteful wrongs requite :
For friendleſs men, and orphans, do
themſelves to thee commit.
15 Of wicked and malicious men,
break thou the arm therefore :
Search out, and puniſh all their crimes,
until thou find no more.
16 The Lord ſhall reign for evermore,
upon his glorious throne !
Expelling from his choſen land,
the heathens every one.

17 Thou knoweſt, Lord, the ſad complaints,
the poor to thee prefer:
Whoſe hearts thou wilt prepare to pray,
and cauſe thine ear to hear.
18 To judge th' oppreſſed fatherleſs,
and help them to their right:
That they no more be trampled on,
by men of worldly might.

In Domino confido. Pſalm xi. *T. S.*

1 IN God the Lord I truſt: how then
ſay ye unto my ſoul,
"Fly hence for ſhelter to your hill,
"ſwift as the winged foul:
2 "For lo, the wicked bend their bow,
"and arm it with a dart;
"To ſhoot in ſecret at the man,
"that upright is in heart.
3 "Since then, all other hopes to ſcape,
"are thus reduc'd to nought:
"By what, but ſlight alone, ſecure,
"can righteous men be thought?
4 But God that in his temple is
below, and hath on high
Above the heav'ns, his glorious ſeat
of royal majeſty;
From thence, to mark what's done on earth,
doth ſtill apply his mind:
And ſearcheth out with watchful eye,
the manners of mankind:
5 And with a friendly count'nance, thence
the tried juſt man views:
But from his ſoul the wicked hates,
who violence doth uſe:

6 And

6 And will on ſuch men caſt down ſnares,
as thick as driven rain;
Fire, brimſtone, and an horrid ſtorm;
all mixt, to give them pain.
7 And learn men, that the righteous God
doth righteouſneſs embrace:
And ſurely will to upright men
unveil his pleaſed face.

Salvum me fac. Pſalm xii. *T. S.*

1 HElp, Lord; for good and godly men
grow thinner ev'ry day:
And ſuch as faithful are, do ſtill
in numbers much decay.
2 When neighbour doth with neighbour talk,
their words no weight do bear:
With flatt'ring tongues, and double hearts,
each other they enſnare.
3 But when falſe tongues thro' flatt'ring lips,
(to bring deſigns about)
Take pride to cheat with pleaſing words,
the Lord will root them out.
4 Becauſe they ſay, "We will prevail;
"our tongues ſhall us extol:
"Our own they are, to ſerve our ends;
"what, Lord, ſhall us controul?
5 But for the great complaint, and cry,
of poor men ſore oppreſt,
"Now, ſaith the Lord, will I ariſe,
"and them reſtore to reſt.
6 God's word is like to ſilver pure,
within the furnace try'd:
Which hath no leſs than ſeven times
in fire been purify'd.

7 'Tis

7 'Tis paſt all doubt, that thou, O Lord,
wilt keep thy promiſe then:
And ſave the righteous evermore,
from ſuch perfidious men:
8 Of whom this wicked world is full;
where vice is uncontroll'd:
Whiles thoſe that vileſt are therein
moſt highly are extoll'd.

Uſque quo Domine. Pſalm xiii. *T. S.*

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord,
whiles I thy grace implore!
How long is't, 'ere thy face on me
will ſhine, as heretofore?
2 How long, with careful thoughts ſhall I
in mind tormented be?
How long ſhall my prevailing foe
thus triumph over me?
3 Behold me now, my Lord, and God,
and heed my juſt requeſt:
Mine eyes enlighten, leſt I ſleep,
like one by death poſſeſt.
4 Leſt my ſucceſsful enemy ſay,
"behold, I ſtill prevail:
And thoſe that hate, and vex my ſoul,
rejoice, to ſee me quail.
5 But from thy goodneſs often try'd,
my hope ſhall never ſtart:
And in thy ſaving help obtain'd,
right glad ſhall be my heart.
6 Then cheerful ſongs, unto the Lord
I gratefully will ſing:
Becauſe his bounty hath from me
withheld no needful thing.

Dixit inſipiens. Pſalm xiv. *T. S.*

1 THat fools deny a God; is by
their actions underſtood:
For lives corrupt, and vile, they lead;
and none doth any good.
2 The Lord beheld from heav'n above,
degenerate mankind:
And ſaw not one of them, that ſought
in earneſt, God to find.
3 What filthy ways they took, the ſtench
of loathſome crimes made known:
None; no, not one there was, by whom
the leaſt good deed was done.
4 "Can men of reaſon thus, (ſaid he)
" in judgment be miſ-led,
" To ſlight God's worſhip; and to eat
" my people up, like bread.
5 Thus dar'd they heav'n; where ſuddenly
great fear did them befal:
For ſoon they found, that with the juſt
God dwells, to help them all.
6 This think on, ye, whoſe ſcoffs have put
the pious poor to ſhame:
Who wiſely choſe to fly to God,
and call upon his name.
7 But when, O when, will God the word,
on which we truſt, fulfil:
And ſafety ſend to *Iſrael*
from *Zion*'s holy Hill?
8 Which, when it comes to reſcue us,
oppreſt with bondage ſad;
All ſons of *Jacob* ſhall rejoice,
and *Iſrael* be glad.

Domine, quis ? Pſalm xv. *T. S.*

1 WIthin thy Tabernacle, Lord,
Who ſhall inhabit ſtill ?
Or whom wilt thou receive, to dwell
upon thy holy hill ?
2 The man whoſe life is uncorrupt ;
whoſe works are juſt, and ſtreight :
Who ſpeaketh truth, and in his heart
doth harbour no deceit :
3 Wrongs no man ; nor by ſland'rous Tongue
blaſts any perſons name :
Nor willingly falſe tales receives,
which may impair his fame :
4 Who vile, and vicious livers, doth
as ſuch deſerve, contemn :
But where he ſees men fearing God,
He greatly honours them.
5 His oath, and all his Promiſes,
who keepeth faithfully ;
Although his bargain ſuch do prove,
that loſe he muſt thereby.
6 That ſhuns oppreſſing uſury
to take for money lent :
Who never will for bribes be bought,
to wrong the innocent.
7 The man that by theſe meaſures lives ;
(with God's dear favour bleſt) :
From fear of evil, ſafe, on him,
may now, and ever, reſt.

Pſalm xv. *To another Tune.*

1 WIthin thy Tabernacle, who (will ?
Shall ſojourn, Lord, with thy good
Or, whom wilt thou admit, to fix
His dwelling on thy holy hill ?

2 Ev'n him, whoſe life is uncorrupt;
Whoſe works are ſtrictly juſt, and ſtreight:
Who ſpeaketh truth: and in his heart
Doth harbour no conceal'd deceit.

3 Wrongs no man: nor by ſland'rous tongue
Doth injure any perſon's name;
Nor willingly falſe tales receives,
Which wrongfully impair his fame:

4 Who vile, and vicious perſons doth
As juſtly they deſerve, contemn:
But, where he ſees men fearing God;
Though mean, he greatly honours them.

5 His oath, and all his promiſes,
Who keeps with all men faithfully;
Although he find his bargain ſuch,
That he is like to loſe thereby:

5 Who ſhuns exacting uſury,
Where money ſhould be freely lent:
Who never will with bribes be bought,
To wrong a perſon innocent.

7 The man that by theſe meaſures lives,
(With God's peculiar favour bleſt,)
From fear of threaten'd dangers, may,
Upon him now, and ever reſt.

Exaudi Domine. Pſalm xvi. *T. S.*

1 LOrd, keep me; for I truſt in thee.
Soul, thou to God haſt ſaid,

" 2 Thou, Lord, art mine; my all is thine,
" By vow to thee conveigh'd.

" 3 Which, ſince thou need'ſt it not, I'll pay
" thy Saints that here do dwell;
" Whom I entirely love, becauſe
" in vertue they excell.

" 4 And wiſh all woes on them may fall,
" that Idol-gods adore, Who:

4 "Whoſe bloody off'rings I diſclaim,
" And do their names abhor.
5 The Lord alone the portion is
of my inheritance:
Thou fill'ſt my cup, and what thou giv'ſt,
preſerv'ſt from all miſchance.
6 The place, wherein my lot is fall'n,
in beauty doth excell:
And th' heritage thereby aſſign'd
to me, doth pleaſe me well;
7 I bleſs the Lord, whoſe counſel made
me underſtand aright:
By means whereof, my ſecret thoughts
do teach me ev'ry night.
8 I God have ſet before me ſtill;
and truſt him with my all:
For whiles he ſtands at my right hand,
no ill can me befall.
9 A thought, which fills my heart, and tongue
with gladneſs while I live:
And will unto my dying fleſh,
an hopeful proſpect give.
10 For ſurely, my departed ſoul,
in hell thou wilt not leave:
Nor quit the body of thy Saint,
corruption to perceive:
11 But lead them both thou wilt to life;
where boundleſs joys before
Thy preſence dwell; and pleaſures at
thy right hand evermore.

Exaudi Domine. Pſal. xvii. *T. S.*

1 O Lord, give ear, when juſtly I
in ſtraits to thee complain:
And hear the pray'r which comes to thee,
from lips that do not fain.

2 And let the judgment of my cause
proceed from none, but thee:
Wherein, as by impartial view,
thou find'st it, sentence me.

3 Oft thou my heart hast search'd by night,
yet there no ill didst find:
And I resolve, my tongue shall ne'r
misrepresent my mind.

4 From all the works likewise of men
that are preversly ill:
And out of their destructive paths,
thy word hath kept me still.

5 And still do thou my goings in
thy holy paths preserve:
That from the track I ought to keep,
my footsteps never swerve.

6 I oft have call'd on thee, in hope
thou would'st me hear, and aid:
Blast not that hope: but bend thine ear
to what my lips have said.

7 O thou, whose right hand from their foes
saves all that trust in thee;
That hand in kindness now extend;
And wonders do for me.

8 And keep me, Lord, as men do keep
the apple of their eye:
That under covert of thy wings,
in safety I may lie.

PART ii.

9 From wicked mens assaults me save,
who daily we annoy:
And from my foes surrounding me,
who would my life destroy:

10 Who wallow in their worldly wealth,
as beasts are wont, when fat:

And uſe their mouths, with daring pride,
to ſpeak, they care not what.
11 To hunt us to deſtruction, they
our paths have compaſt round:
And fixt, to ſpy our footſteps there,
their eyes upon the ground.
12 They act the lion, when his prey
he eagerly doth chaſe:
And ſometimes lurk, as doth his whelp,
in ſome concealed place.
13 Ariſe, in haſte, prevent my foe,
and caſt him down, O Lord:
And ſave me from the wicked, whom
thou uſeſt as thy ſword:
14 From men by th' hand of whom (provok'd)
thou good men put'ſt to grief:
From worldly men, whoſe portion is
confined to this life.
15 Whoſe bellies from thy ſtores thou fill'ſt,
according to their mind:
Nor want they heirs, t' inherit what
their fathers leave behind.
15 But with a conſcience clear, behold
thy count'nance here, I will:
And ſhall, when wak'd from death, of thy
full viſion take my fill.

Diligam te, Domine. Pſal. xviii. *T. S.*

1 O Lord, my ſtrength, I ſtill am bound
to love thee heartily:
2 Who art my rock, and fortreſs ſtrong,
in my neceſſity.
My God, my Fort, in which I hope
ſecure defence to have:
My ſhield, my tower built on high;
the Horn that doth me ſave. B 4 3 When

3 When on the Lord I call, and give
to him deſerved praiſe:
I ſhall be ſafe from all the force,
mine enemies can raiſe.
4 The pangs of death did compaſs me;
and great my dangers were:
Whiles wicked men, like ſwelling waves,
did put me ſtill in fear.
5 The ſtrong, and twiſted cords of hell,
were round about me ſet:
And me, at unawares, to catch,
was ſpred a deadly net:
6 When thus beſet with pain, and grief,
I pray'd to God for grace.
My cry before him came; which he
heard from his holy place.
7 His wrath with power armed, then,
did make the earth to quake:
Yea, at their deep foundations, forc'd
the mighty hills to ſhake.
8 Forth from his noſtrils went a ſmoke,
and from his mouth a flame;
So fiercely hot, that all it toucht,
as burning coals became.

PART ii.

9 When God deſcended from above,
he bow'd the heavens high:
And underneath his feet, o'rſpred
with darkneſs was the sky.
10 His ſteed, a glorious *Cherub* was,
whereon he rode in haſte:
And ſwift, as mounted on the wings
of all the winds, he paſt.
11 With darkneſs compaſs'd, he in it,
did his pavillion place:

With waters black, in ſtormy clouds
environed he was.
12 But ſoon the brightneſs of his face
did make the clouds retire:
Which breaking, hail-ſtones thence were ſhot,
and glowing coals of fire.
13 From heaven, in the frightful voice
of thunder, th' Higheſt ſpake:
And hail-ſtones from the ſhatter'd cloud
with fire-coals mixed, brake.
14 Theſe fiery darts, and thunder-bolts,
his foes diſcomfited:
His light'nings made them fly apace;
and ſhew'd, which way they fled.
15 Thy noſtrils breath, Lord, chas'd the flouds,
that ſeen their boſoms were:
Yea, th' earths foundations bare were laid,
at thy rebuke ſevere.
16 Thus from above, the Lord ſent down
to fetch me from below:
And reſcue me, whom waters great
were ready t' overflow.
17 He ſav'd me from my foes, leſt I
into their hands ſhould fall:
Ev'n mighty foes, by much too ſtrong
for me to deal withall.
18 They ſet upon me unawares
half-dead, before, with grief:
But ſeaſonably, then the Lord
Appear'd for my relief.

PART iii.

19 From caves, and deſarts, where I hid
my ſelf, did God me free:
And gave me larger room, becauſe
he took delight in me.

20 He knew me righteous, and as ſuch,
he had to me regard:
And to the cleanneſs of my hands,
proportion'd his reward.

21 Becauſe in his preſcribed ways,
with conſtant care I trod:
And have not, as the wicked doth,
departed from my God;

22 But always did before mine eyes,
his righteous judgments lay:
Nor ever did, as rules too ſtrict,
his ſtatutes put away.

23 I alſo did my uprightneſs
Clear up before his face:
And ſhun'd that ſin, to which, in my
ſad ſtraits I tempted was.

24 The Lord did therefore righteouſly
my righteous deeds requite:
To ſuit the cleanneſs of my hands,
Appearing in his ſight.

25 For thou, to men that mercy ſhew,
wilt ſhew thy mercy too:
And with the upright, as becomes
an upright friend, wilt do.

26 Thy love to purity, the pure
Shall by experience know:
But thoſe that ſtrive with thee, ſhall find
thee much too ſtrong a foe.

27 For thou wilt ſave the humble, when
they under trouble lie:
And ſoon bring down the looks of thoſe
that have a lofty eye.

28 My lamp, when kindled at thy flame,
ſhall burn exceeding bright:

And when my way is dark, the Lord
my God, ſhall make it light.
29 For through thy help, an hoſt, by me
diſcomfited, did fall:
And God aſſiſting, I o'rleapt
with eaſe, the higheſt wall.
30 The way of God moſt perfect is;
his word is throughly try'd:
A ſure defence he is, to ſuch
who in his faith abide.

PART iv.

31 Who is a God, except the Lord?
beſides him there is none.
And who a rock, which, like our God,
men may depend upon?
32 'Tis he that girded me with ſtrength,
to grapple with my foes:
And in the way which perfect is,
my feet he doth diſpoſe.
33 He makes my feet like thoſe of hinds,
exceeding ſwift of pace:
And helps me ſteepeſt hills to climb,
my foes from thence to chaſe.
34 To handle weapons well in fight,
Thou learn'ſt my hands the skill:
And giv'ſt my arms the ſtrength, to break
with eaſe, a bow of ſteel.
35 Thou gav'ſt me thy ſalvations ſhield,
To guard me, when beſet:
Thy right hand held me up, and thy
great kindneſs made me great.
36 The ground my feet did traverſe, thou
mad'ſt large for me, and wide:
In ſlippery places oft they ſtood,
and yet they did not ſlide.

37 I did pursue, and overtake
the foes that me annoy'd:
And did not from the chase return,
until they were destroy'd.
38 Great numbers in the field did fall,
I wounded them so sore:
Beneath my feet, they wounded fell,
and rose not any more.
39 Thou girded'st me with strength to fight,
in such successful wise:
As made them all to me to bow,
that did against me rise.
40 The necks of those that fought with me,
are subject to my yoke:
So fully I the armed force
of all that hate me, broke.
41 They cry'd for help; but none appear'd
that would, or could relieve:
Yea, to the Lord they cry'd: but he
did them no answer give.
42 Like dust dispers'd before the wind,
They never more could meet:
Cast out and trod upon they were,
as dirt in ev'ry street.

PART v.

43 Thou quell'st my peoples strifes: to make
me King, they all agreed:
Yea, over heathens, quite unknown
to me, thou mad'st me Head.
44 There needs no more, to make them bow,
then th' hearing of my name:
Though many, much against their wills,
its awe doth only tame.
45 Who, though they yet stand off, in time
shall lose their courage quite. And

And fearful in their holds, for peace
ſhall them agree to ſlight.
46 I therefore bleſs the living Lord,
who merits all my praiſe:
My rock, my God that ſaveth me,
my grateful ſong ſhall raiſe.
47 Whoſe vengeance hath purſu'd my foes
until deſtroy'd they be:
And by his influence, ſubdu'd
my people are to me.
48 He from my foes delivereth me:
thou curbd'ſt them as they roſe:
Nor ſufferedſt, Lord, my life to be
at violent *Saul*'s diſpoſe.
49 Theſe favours great, I ever, Lord,
with thanks acknowledg ſhall:
And ſing this ſong to praiſe thy name,
before the Gentiles all.
50 "God, who by wonders ſaves him, doth,
"and ſtill will ſhew more grace
"To *David*, his *Anointed*; and
"to all his future race.

Cæli enarrunt. Pſalm xix. *T. S.*

1 THE Heav'ns and Firmament above
God's glories do declare:
The works of Pow'r omnipotent,
in them conſpicuous are.
2 Thoſe glorious works of God, each day
preſents in various dreſs:
And ev'ry night ſuch ſights repeats,
as do his skill expreſs.
3 In all mens diff'ring languages,
the fame of them is heard.
4 To earth's moſt diſtant coaſts, thereby
God's knowledge is conferr'd: He

He built, and furniſh'd, for the ſun,
in them a tiring room:
5 Who thence, as from his chamber doth
a bridegroom trimm'd, doth come.
And like a ſtrong-limb'd racer looks,
who hoping for a prize,
Before his courſe begins, doth view
the race with cheerful eyes.
6 Thence thro' the Sky's wide compaſs, he
bright beams abroad doth ſhoot:
And nothing from his piercing heat
is hid, the world throughout.

PART ii.

7 Moſt perfect is the law of God:
his teſtimony ſure;
It Souls converts; and wiſdom true
gives, ſimple men to cure.
8 The righteous ſtatutes of the Lord,
fill hearts with joys refin'd:
Pure his commandment is; and clears
mine eyes, by nature blind.
9 God's fear is clean, and makes the ſoul
from ſpots for ever free:
His judgments altogether true,
and ſtrictly righteous be.
10 Much more to be deſir'd than gold;
much gold, without allay:
Ev'n honey dropping from the combes,
is not ſo ſweet as they.
11 By them thy ſervant is forewarn'd
his duty to regard:
Which thoſe that do perform, are ſure
to gain a great reward.
12 But, Lord, what man the errours knows
to which expos'd he lies?

O cleanse me then, from secret sins,
which 'scape my searching eyes.
13 And keep me, that presumptuous sins
prevail not over me:
So shall I upright stand; and from
the great transgression free.
14 Accept the words I utter, and
good thoughts conceiv'd in heart,
To praise thee, who my rock of strength,
and my Redeemer art.

Psalm xix. *In another Metre.*

1 THE Heav'ns and Firmament above,
God's glories wondrously declare:
The works of his Almighty Hand
In them, to all conspicuous are.
2 Those glorious works of God, each day
Presents to view in various dress:
And ev'ry night repeats anew
Those Prospects, which his skill express.
3 In all the diff'ring languages
Men speak, the fame of them is heard.
4 To all the distant coasts of earth,
God's knowledge thus is still confer'd.
He built, and furnish'd for the sun,
In them a glorious tiring room:
5 Who thence, as from his chamber doth
A bridegroom richly trimm'd, doth come.
And like a strong-limb'd racer, looks;
Who, full of hopes to win the prize
Before his course begins, beholds
The race in view, with cheerful eyes.
6 Thence, thro' the skies wide compass, he
His beams dispersеth round about:
And nothing from his piercing heat
Is hidden all the world throughout.

PART II.

7 Most perfect is the law of God;
His testimony ever sure:
Converting souls, and making wise
The simple, past all other cure.

8 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And fill the heart with joys refin'd:
The Lord's commandment's pure; its light
Enlightens eyes, by nature blind.

9 God's fear is clean; its cleansing pow'r
Doth souls from spots for ever free:
His judgments most compleatly true;
And righteous altogether be.

10 Much more desirable than Gold:
Yea, much refined gold they are:
The honey dropping from the combs,
In sweetness they excel by far.

11 By them, thy servant is forewarn'd,
Himself from sins assaults to guard:
And where they are observed well,
Th' observers meet with great reward.

12 But, Lord, what man the errors knows
To which we here obnoxious lye!
O cleanse me then from faults conceal'd,
Which, tho' I search, I can't espy.

13 But chiefly, let presumptuous sins
Get no dominion over me:
So upright I, and innocent,
Shall from the great transgression be.

14 Accept the words I utter, and
The thoughts my heart doth muse upon,
Do, Lord, who both my rock of strength,
And my Redeemer art alone.

Exaudiat te Dominus. Psalm xx. *T. S.*

1 In trouble, and distress, the Lord
Thy heart's requests fulfil:

And

And may the name of *Jacob*'s God,
O *King*, defend thee ſtill :
2 Vouchſafe thee from his holy place
help ſuited to thy needs :
And out of *Zion* ſtrengthen thee
to do illuſtrious deeds :
3 Remembring all the ſacrifice,
which thou to him haſt done :
And th' off'ring which thou mak'ſt by fire,
look graciouſly upon.
4 According to thy heart's deſire,
his bounty anſwer thee :
Let what in Council th ou decreeſt,
by him performed be.
5 Rejoiced, when thou ſav'ſt us, we
our banners will diſplay :
In God's great Name: but under thee,
For whoſe ſucceſs we'll pray.
6 I know the Lord, with his right hand,
will his anointed ſave.
And give therewith, when need requires
again, the help he gave.
7 In charriots ſome put confidence,
and ſome in horſes truſt :
But we remember God, our Lord
who to his word is juſt.
8 Their fall our faith forſees ; whiles we
by God aſſiſted, riſe.
9 Still ſave us Lord : and let our king,
we pray thee, hear our cries.

Pſalm xx. *To another Tune.*

1 IN trouble, and adverſity,
The Lord thy juſt requeſts fulfil :
And may the name of *Jacob*'s God,
Dear ſov'reign thee defend from ill :

2 Vouchſafe thee, from his holy place,
The help proportion'd to thy needs:
And out of *Zion* ſtrengthen thee,
To bring to paſs illuſtrious deeds.

3 Rememb'ring all the ſacrifice,
By thee to him devoutly done:
And th' off'ring which thou mak'ſt by fire,
May He with favour look upon.

4 According to thy hearts deſire,
His richeſt bounties anſwer thee:
And what in council thou decreeſt,
May it by him performed be.

5 Rejoiced, when thou ſav'ſt us, we
Our banners will again diſplay
In God's great name; led on by thee,
For whoſe ſucceſs we ſtill do pray.

6 Now, know I, God, with wonted grace,
Again will his anointed ſave:
And give from heaven with the ſame
Right hand, to him, the help he gave.

7 In charriots ſome put confidence:
And ſome in ſtrength of horſes truſt:
But we remember God our Lord,
Who ever to his word is juſt.

8 Their fall our faith foreſees, while we
By God, who lifts us up, do riſe:

9 Still ſave us, Lord, do thou; and cauſe
Our king to hear our righteous cries.

Domine, in virtute. Pſal. xxi. *T. S.*

1 O Lord, how joyful is the king,
when arm'd with ſtrength from thee!
How heartily doth he rejoice,
thereby ſecur'd to be!

2 For thou haſt given him whate'er
it was he did deſire:

Of

Of all his lips did ask, to him
thou mad'ſt a grant entire.

3 Thou do'ſt prevent him with thy gifts,
and bleſſings manifold:
And on his royal head doſt ſet
a crown of pureſt gold.

4 He humbly asked life of thee,
and it thou did'ſt ſecure:
Annexing to it, length of days,
for ever to endure.

5 Great is his glory, through thy help,
who gav'ſt him ſaving aid:
Great honour, and great majeſty,
thou haſt upon him laid.

6 Thou gav'ſt him all felicity,
ſecur'd from all decays:
And with thy cheerful countenance,
great joys in him did'ſt raiſe.

PART ii.

7 Becauſe the King doth firmly truſt
in God, he ſhall prevail:
And through his grace that reigns on high,
preſerv'd, he ſhall not quail.

8 Thy hand, O king, ſhall find, and ſeize,
all ſuch as thee withſtand:
Both find them out, and puniſh them,
ſhalt thou with thy right hand.

9 Thou ſhalt deſtroy them when thy wrath
doth like an oven fume:
Yea, God's fierce wrath conjoin'd with thine,
ſhall wholly them conſume.

10 And thou ſhalt make from off the earth
their iſſue to decreaſe:
Till from among the ſons of men
their ſeed do wholly ceaſe.

11 Becauſe againſt thee miſchiefs great
in thought they did project:
But fail'd at laſt for want of pow'r,
what they deſign'd t'effect.
12 Whom thou, before thee, as a mark
to ſhoot at, Lord, ſhalt place:
And from thy charged bow-ſtring, aim
directly at their face,
13 Be thou exalted, Lord, with ſtrength
ſuch as to thee belongs:
And we thy pow'r will magnifie,
in our triumphant ſongs.

Deus, Deus meus. Pſal. xxii. *T. S.*

1 MY God, my God, for what by thee
forſaken thus am I?
Why help'ſt thou not, when I to thee
with ſad complaints do cry?
2 To thee, my God, ev'n all day long
I earneſtly do call:
Nor ceaſe I all the night; and yet
thou hear'ſt me not at all.
3 Yet thou art holy ſtill; and in
thy holy place do'ſt dwell:
Where thou art daily entertain'd
with praiſe from *Iſrael.*
4 To thee, our Fathers old, with faith
in dangers did repair.
And as they fixt their truſt in thee,
by thee they ſaved were.
5 They were deliver'd always, when
they called on thy name:
Nor was the faith they had in thee,
e'er put by thee to ſhame.
6 But I, poor I, am now become
more like a worm than man:

An out-caſt, whom the people ſcorn,
with all the ſpite they can.
7 All they that ſee me, do on me
reproach with laughter lay:
They wag their heads; and ſhooting out
their ſcornful lips, they ſay,
8 "This man did truſt in God, that he
"wou'd ſave him of his love:
"But let him now deliver him,
"if he his cauſe approve.
9 But from my mother's womb was I
by thee, O Lord, releaſt:
And had no other hope, but thee,
when ſucking on her breaſt.
10 On thee, my guardian, from my birth,
my parents me beſtow'd:
And even from that infant ſtate,
thou haſt been ſtill my God.

PART. ii.

11 Lord, do not now depart from me,
beſet with bitter grief:
For I have none but thee, from whom
I may expect relief.
12 For many Bulls ſurrounding, make
at me, with armed head:
Bulls wanton-fat, as if they had
in *Baſhan*'s fields been fed.
13 With bellowing mouths they gape on me,
as if they would me ſlay:
Much like the roaring lion, when
he ravens for his prey.
14 My ſp'rits are ſpent; like water ſpilt,
my bones aſunder ſtart:
Like wax diſſolv'd by melting heat,
within me is my heart.

15 Dry'd, like a potſherd, is my ſtrength;
my ſcorched tongue cleaves faſt
Unto my jaws: ſo near me brought
to brink of death thou haſt.
16 The wicked did (like dogs to tear
a carcaſs) me beſet:
And with a barb'rous cruelty,
they pierc'd my hands and feet.
17 The torture ſtretch'd me ſo, that I
might all my bones have told:
Yet, pitileſs, with ſtaring eyes
my torments they behold.
18 They ſtrip me naked, and divide
my clothes among them all:
And for my coat they caſt the lot,
to whom it whole ſhou'd fall.
19 I pray thee therefore, be not far
when thus thy help I need:
But thou, O Lord, my ſtrength, aſſiſt
my fainting ſoul with ſpeed.
20 To guard me from the cruel ſword,
employ, O Lord, thy pow'r:
And ſave my precious ſoul, leſt it
the teeth of dogs devour.
21 From lions mouths me ſave, that elſe
will me to pieces ſhiver:
For thou from th' horns of Unicorn,
didſt hear me, and deliver.
22 Then I before my brethren all,
thy mercies will proclaim:
And where thy Church aſſembled is,
will magnifie thy name.

PART iii.

23 Let all that do his fear profeſs,
ſing praiſes to the Lord:

Extoll'd by *Jacob*'s ſeed be he,
by *Iſrael* ador'd.
24 For he th' afflicted ne'r deſpis'd;
nor ever turn'd awry
His countenance, when he did call;
but hearkn'd to his cry.
25 Amidſt the congregation great,
I therefore will proclaim
Thy praiſe, and pay my vows in ſight
of thoſe that fear thy name:
26 The meek ſhall eat their fill, of thoſe
vow'd off'rings which I give:
And you that ſeek, ſhall praiſe the Lord;
and bleſt for ever live.
27 The coaſts of all the earth ſhall turn
to God, and ſeek his grace:
And heathen kindreds, worſhipping,
ſhall fall before his face.
28 The Lord, as univerſal King,
the earth throughout ſhall reign:
And over all the nations, he
the Sov'raignty ſhall gain.
29 Yea, all, whom earths rich fatneſs feeds,
ſhall likewiſe taſt of his:
And eating, thankfully adore
him, th' Author of their bliſs.
And ſuch as wallow in the duſt,
by poverty laid low,
Shall own their ſouls by him do live,
and humbly to him bow.
30 Whoſe ſeed ſhall ſerve him, while the world's
ſucceſſive ages laſt:
Whom God ſhall count his own, when once
by his Adoption grac'd:

31 Each age, declaring to the next
that comes, his righteouſneſs:
So th' earth, by new births ſtockt, ſhall ſtill
this work of his confeſs.

Dominus regit. Pſalm xxiii. *W. W.*

1 THe Lord my heav'nly ſhepherd is;
Whoſe paſtures to the full me feed
I cannot then want any thing,
Whereof my ſoul doth ſtand in need.
2. He doth me fold in ſheep-coats ſafe,
Which to the tender graſs are nigh:
Whence, fed, he drives me to the ſtreams
Of pleaſant waters, running by.
3 And when I feel my ſelf diſeas'd,
With med'cines ſound he doth me make;
And keeps me ſo, in righteous paths
Me leading, for his own names ſake.
4 Whence, though my walks be near the do
Of death, yet will I fear no ill:
Sith thou art with me; and thy rod,
And ſhepherds ſtaff me comfort ſtill.
5 Thou haſt my Table richly deckt,
In ſpite of my repining foe:
Thy oil anoints my head, and fill'd
By thee, my cup doth overflow.
6 And finally, whiles life doth laſt,
Thy ſaving grace ſhall me defend:
And in the houſe of God, will I
That lifes remaining portion ſpend.

Pſalm xxiii. *Another of the ſame.* *T. S.*

1 MY ſhepherd is the living Lord;
I nothing then, can need.
2 In paſtures fair, by waters calm,
he ſetteth me to feed.

3 He doth reſtore my drooping ſoul,
And put my mind in frame,
To walk in righteous paths; and bring
due honour to his Name.
4 Yea, though I walk'd in ſhades of death,
yet will I fear no ill;
Thy rod, and ſtaff me comfort; whiles
thou there art with me ſtill.
5 And in the ſight of envious foes,
my table thou doſt ſpread:
Thy richeſt wines fill full my cup;
thy oil anoints my head.
6 Through all my life thy favour is
ſo frankly ſhew'd to me:
That in thy houſe, that life throughout,
my dwelling place ſhall be.

Domini eſt Terra. Pſalm xxiv. *J. H.*

1 THe earth is all the Lords: and his
all things that fill it, are:
Yea, his is all the world, with all
the creatures dwelling there.
2 For firmly he hath founded it,
above the ſeas to ſtand:
And laying low the liquid floods,
built over them the land.
3 Whom, therefore, of them all, will God
admit to climb his hill?
Or fix his ſtation in the place,
where he inhabits ſtill?
4 The man, whoſe hands are clean, whoſe heart
no darling luſts defile:
Whoſe ſoul affects not vanity,
nor ſwears he to beguile.

5 The man ſo qualify'd, to bleſs,
the Lord will have regard :
And from his God, and Saviour, he
ſhall have a juſt reward.
6 Him, God will reckon one of thoſe,
who truly ſeek his face ;
That face, which *Jacob* ſought, and ſaw,
whiles here he ran his race.

PART ii.

7 Fly open, all ye gates : and thou,
O everlaſting gate,
Be open too ; t'admit the King,
that comes in glorious ſtate.
8 What King is this, that comes in ſtate ?
it is the mighty Lord ;
The Lord of might ; in battel ſtrong,
to wield the two-edg'd ſword.
9 Fly open all ye gates ; and thou,
O everlaſting gate,
Be open too ; t'admit the King,
the King of glorious ſtate.
10 Who is this King of glorious ſtate ?
the Lord of Hoſts it is :
The King, whoſe robes all Kings do wear :
and all their glory's his.

Ad Te, Domine. Pſalm xxv. *T. S.*

1 I Lift my ſoul to thee,
my God, and guide moſt juſt.
2 O ſuffer me to take no ſhame ;
for I in thee do truſt.
Nor let my foes rejoyce,
and triumph over me.
3 Yea, ſuffer no man to be ſham'd,
Of all that wait on thee.

But ſhame attend them all,
who deal injuriouſly :
4 Thy paths, mean while, and holy ways,
to me, O Lord, deſcry.
5 Direct me in thy truth,
and teach me, Lord, its way :
My Saviour, and my God art thou ;
On thee I wait all day.
6 Remember, gracious Lord,
thy mercies manifold :
And all thy loving kindneſſes,
which ever were of old.
7 But mind not, Lord, the faults,
my youth was ſtain'd withal :
No wandrings of that giddy age,
to thy remembrance call.
Nor let thy mercies be,
to my deſerts confin'd :
But with a goodneſs, worthy thee,
Lord, have me in thy mind.
8 Both juſtice in the Lord
and goodneſs great reſide :
Which both induc'd him, ſinners in
his holy way to guide.
9 The humble he will teach,
who his direction ſeek :
With judgment ſound, to find his way,
he will conduct the meek.
10 For all the ways of God
are truth, and mercy both,
To thoſe, who keep his covenant,
confirm'd with them by oath.

PART ii.

11 Proportion'd to thy name,
O Lord, I thee intreat

Great pardon grant me for my ſin,
which is exceeding great.
12 Who is't, that fears the Lord?
his choice will God direct
So ſurely, that he ſhall the ways
which pleaſe him beſt, elect.
13 His ſoul ſhall dwell at eaſe,
and firm in goodneſs ſtand:
And after his deceaſe, his ſeed
inherit ſhall the land.
14 To thoſe that fear the Lord,
his ſecrets he will tell:
And unto them, his covenants
myſterious truths reveal.
15 Mine eyes with ſtedfaſt faith,
upon the Lord are ſet:
For he it is, that from the net,
ſhall pluck my ſnared feet.
16 In mercy viſit me,
who make to thee my moan:
For deſolate, and comfortleſs,
men leave me all alone.
17 The troubles of my heart
do many ways exceed:
O reſcue me with help, as large,
as my diſtreſſes need.
18 Behold the miſery,
and anguiſh I am in:
And by thy pard'ning grace, remove
the cauſe of both, my ſin.
19 And, Lord, behold my foes,
how much they ſtill increaſe:
Who me purſue with hatred fierce,
and cruel to exceſs.

20 Preſerve my ſoul, and let
thy grace deliver me:
Nor let me e'r be put to ſhame,
becauſe I truſt in thee.

21 Yea, let integrity,
and juſtice me protect:
For in the practiſe of them both,
I help from thee expect.

22 Thy people to redeem,
Lord, help from heaven ſend:
And let thine *Iſrael* of all
their troubles ſee an end.

Judica me, Domine. Pſalm xxvi. *T. S.*

1 LOrd, be my judg, who know'ſt, that all
my ways are ſtraight, and plain:
Nor doubt I e'r to ſlide, or fall,
for God will me ſuſtain.

2 Prove me, O Lord, I thee deſire,
and ſearch me narrowly:
My thoughts, and reins, as in the fire
men gold examine, try.

3 Thy goodneſs laid before my face,
I did behold always:
And as thy truth directs my pace,
have walked all my days.

4 For company, I ne'r did chooſe
to ſit with perſons vain:
With falſe diſſemblers, I refuſe
acquaintance to retain.

5 Ill livers congregation
my ſoul deteſting, flies:
And they, for me, ſhall ſit alone,
who wicked things deviſe.

6 I'll waſh my hands in innocence,
and then approaching near

Thy altar, Lord, with confidence,
preſent my off'ring there.
7 My tongue ſhall likewiſe ſpread the praiſe,
which doth belong to thee:
Declaring, in what wondrous ways
thou haſt been good to me.
8 Thy houſe to me was ever dear;
none elſe I lov'd ſo well:
That holy Sanctuary, where
thine honour, Lord, doth dwell.
9 O ſhut not up my ſoul with them,
in ſin who take their fill:
Nor yet my life among the men,
who guiltleſs blood do ſpill:
10 Whoſe hands in doing miſchief skill'd,
no ſeaſon offer'd miſs:
And, to promote injuſtice, fill'd
with bribes their right hand is.
11 But I, by righteous acts, intend
t' approve my ſelf to thee:
Have mercy on me, and defend
mine innocence, and me.
12 Whoſe feet thus fixed by thy grace,
I hope, ſhall ſtand upright:
For which, to thee I'll render praiſe,
in all thy peoples ſight.

Dominus-Lumen. Pſalm xxvii. *J. H.*

1 GOd my ſalvation is, and light,
why ſhould I be diſmay'd?
He guards my life: what creatures might
ſhall make me then afraid.
2 Whiles wicked men, my foes, whoſe ſtrength
weak I could never quell,
Made haſte to eat me up; at length
they ſtumbled ſore, and fell.

3 Againſt me, though an hoſt ſhould lie
encamp'd, I will not fear :
Yea, boldly will, my cauſe to try,
in battel pitcht, appear.
4 One thing of God oft ask'd I have,
and hope I ſhall obtain :
Which ſtill I am reſolv'd to crave,
till his conſent I gain :
That I within his holy place,
my life throughout may dwell :
To ſee the beauty of his face,
and learn my duty well.
5 For he, in troublous times, ſhall hide
me in his tent ſecure :
Like which no rock, though fortify'd,
my ſafety can aſſure.
6 And well I know, th' Almighty's grace
will, with reſiſtance ſtout,
Enable me my foes to chaſe,
which compaſs me about.
Which done ; within his temple, I
will offer, and rejoyce :
And there, to ſing his praiſe, apply
my ſelf, with heart and voice.

PART ii.

7 Lord hear the voice of my requeſt ;
when I to thee do call :
And mercifully, when oppreſt,
vouchſafe me help withall.
8 'Tis thy command, O Lord, that we
in ſtraits, do ſeek thy grace :
And oft my heart hath ſaid to thee,
I vow to ſeek thy face.
9 Turn not that face in wrath away
nor far from me it hide : Thou

Thou ſtill haſt ſav'd me, and I pray,
be ſtill, my God, and guide.
10 Should both my Parents me forſake,
and caſt me off at large:
Yet on himſelf the Lord will take
of me the care, and charge.
11 O teach me, Lord, the way to thee,
and lead me in't aright:
Becauſe my foes ſet ſpies on me,
to trap me if they might.
12 And ne'r reſign me to the will
of ſuch deceitful foes:
Who, perjur'd, ſtick not all that's ill
againſt me to depoſe.
13 My heart would faint; but that in me
this faith is fixed faſt,
That I the Lords good grace ſhall ſee
Yet, e're this life be paſt.
14 Soul, wait on God, and ne'r deſert
his intereſts through fear:
Wait ſtill on him, and he thy heart
with ſtrengthn'ing grace ſhall cheer.

Ad Te, Domine. Pſalm xxviii. *T. S.*

1 THou art, O Lord, my rock; from thee
my cries an anſwer crave:
Neglect me not, leſt I become
like ſick men, near the grave.
2 The voice of thy Petitioner
Lord, hear, when I intreat;
And lift my craving hands, before
thy holy mercy-ſeat.
3 With wicked, and deceitful men,
aſſign me not a part:
Who, ſpeaking fair, (like deareſt friends)
hide miſchief in their heart.

4 Repay their plotted wickedneſs
unto themſelves in kind:
And th' ill they did, or would have done,
to others, let them find.

5 Becauſe they ſlight, and diſregard
the work which God hath wrought:
He will, the hopes they build upon,
deſtroy, and bring to nought.

6 With grateful heart, return my thanks
unto the Lord will I:
Who, when I pray'd in troubles great,
did hear me readily.

7 The Lord hath ſhewn himſelf my ſtrength
and buckler in diſtreſs:
My faith obtain'd his help; which I
with ſongs of praiſe confeſs.

8 The good man's ſtrong defence is he
againſt his enemies:
In him alone, the ſaving ſtrength
of his Anointed lies.

9 Thy people ſave, O Lord, and bleſs
thine own inheritance:
For ever, let thy bounty feed,
and power them advance.

Aſſerte Domino. Pſalm xxix. *T. S.*

1 GIve to the Lord, ye Potentates,
what praiſe to him ye owe:
The honour of his mighty ſtrength,
upon the Lord beſtow.

2 The glory due unto his name,
beſtow on him alone:
Adore him in the beauteous ſeat,
where ſtands his holy throne.

3 God's voice doth rule the waters, bred
above, as he doth pleaſe: His

His thundring voice doth rend the air,
and raiſe the ſtormy ſeas.
4 A voice it is, of greateſt force,
Which he from thence doth vent:
And by th' effects produced, ſpeaks
him God omnipotent.
5 The voice of God in pieces tears
the cedars great, and long:
Yea, from the tops of *Lebanon*,
it rends the cedars ſtrong.
6 He makes them skip, as doth a calf,
or fole of th' unicorn:
Yea, *Lebanon* and *Sirion*, th' hills,
on which thoſe trees are born.
7 His voice diſperſeth ſubtil fires
Through th' Air, with pointed flame:
8 Makes deſarts quake; ev'n that, which doth
from *Kadiſh* takes its name.
9 It makes the hinds to caſt their calves;
turns woods to open ground:
Great works! which in his temple make
his praiſe from all to ſound.
10 The Lord, upon the floods doth ſit,
and all of them commands:
His royal throne for evermore,
to all, ſuperiour ſtands.
11 The Lord ſhall make his people dear
in power to increaſe:
And give them all good things, compris'd
in firm, and laſting peace.

Pſalm xxix. *To another Tune.*

1 GIve to the Lord, ye Potentates
who are his Deputies below,
Due praiſe, and th' honour of his ſtrength
upon the Almighty Lord beſtow.

2 Give Glory to his holy name,
The Glory due to him alone:
And worſhip him, in th' holy place,
Where he hath fixt his glorious throne.
3 His voice doth rule the waters, which
Deſcend in ſtorms, as he doth pleaſe;
Diſcharg'd from clouds by thunder-claps,
Which rend the Air, and raiſe the ſeas.
4 The voice of God is full of force,
When from above he doth it vent:
And by its terrible effects,
Proclaimeth him omnipotent.
5 His voice the cedars great, and tall,
Tears up, and lays them all along:
Yea, from the tops of *Lebanon*,
He rends the cedars high, and ſtrong.
6 He makes them skip, as doth a calf,
Or wanton fole of th' Unicorn:
Yea, *Lebanon*, and *Sirion* too,
Thus skip, on which thoſe trees are born.
7 His voice diſperſeth ſubtil fires,
Which pierce the air with pointed flame:
8 Makes wilderneſſes quake for fear;
Ev'n *Kadiſh* wilderneſs, by name.
9 It makes the hinds to caſt their calves,
And foreſts turns to champaign ground:
Great works! which in his temple make
Each worſhipper his praiſe to ſound.
10 The mighty Lord is there proclaim'd
Sole Emperour of ſeas, and lands:
And much above them both, his throne
To endleſs days unmoved ſtands.
11 The Lord ſhall make his people dear
In power daily to increaſe:
And give them all the bleſſings, which
Attend a ſound, and laſting peace.

Exaltabo te, Domine. Pſal. xxx. *J. H.*

1 ALl praiſes, both with heart, and voice,
O Lord, I give to thee:
Who haſt not made my foes rejoyce;
But haſt exalted me.
2 O Lord, my God, to thee I cry'd,
when ſore oppreſt with grief:
And through thy cordial grace apply'd,
I ſoon obtain'd relief.

3 My

3 My parting ſoul thou called'ſt back,
And did'ſt from death me ſave:
Thou heald'ſt me, when I ſtrength did lack,
to keep me from the grave.
4 Sing praiſe to God, ye Saints, that try
the goodneſs of the Lord:
And in your thankful memory,
His holineſs record.
5 Whoſe wrath, in very little ſpace,
when hotteſt, cools again:
Whereas his ſoul-reviving grace,
Doth long in ſtrength remain.
6 For though in pangs of grief full ſore,
Saints ſometimes ſpend a night:
Yet doth the Lord again reſtore
their joys, with morning light.

PART ii.

6 When I enjoy'd the world at will,
too apt I was to ſay,
" This Sun-ſhine, I perſwade me, ſtill
" will laſt, without decay.
7 For thou, O Lord, of thy good grace,
Had'ſt ſtrong my mountain made:
But when thou turnd'ſt away thy face,
my comforts ſoon decay'd.
8 And thereupon, again I cry'd
to thee, O Lord, for aid:
Whoſe ears with ſore complaints I ply'd:
and weeping, thus I ſaid:
" 9 What gain'ſt thou by my blood, if I
" through grief conſume my days?
" Can duſt of death thee magnifie,
" Or give thy truth its praiſe?
" 10 Then hearken, Lord, and pity take
" on me, I thee deſire:
" And do not now my ſoul forſake,
" whoſe needs thy help require.
11 Then turned'ſt thou my doleful tone
into a cheerful voice:
Said'ſt to my mourning weeds, begone
and girded'ſt me with joys.
12 For which, my ſoul unceſſantly
ſhall fill my tongue with praiſe.
To thee, my Lord, and God: whom I
will thank throughout my days.

FINIS.